

# New York City Farm Tower / Ben Schumacher / 22 Jan – 21 Feb 2015 / Bortolami / Press Release

1 message

Eric Schmid <ems494@nyu.edu>

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To: ben schumacher <b.w.schumacher@gmail.com>

New York City Farm Tower: Peter Friel, Rochelle Goldberg, Jason Matthew Lee, Michael Pollard, Jared Madere, Andy Schumacher, Lillian Paige Walton, Jonathan Gean, Eric Schmid, Jonas Asher, Rachelle Rahme, Lauren Burns-Coady, Elaine Cameron Weir, Jenny Cheng, and Heinrike Klinger

Draft x

Eric Schmid

1/21/15

I believe that centralization (which I prefer to call a "densification") of human dwellings and relations is, first of all, a historical necessity which we can find in all examples of urban construction and human dwellings as well as in human relations, in culture, all over. What makes it even more necessary today is the pellicular invasion of planetary space by dispersed cities which destroys the environment. Actually, there are two tendencies: one of densification-toward-compaction (a greater densification); and the other is a centrifugal tendency which prefers to reintroduce rural habits in the middle of green nature, where possible. If this is not possible, then they must be created by artificial means. Each of these two tendencies is as natural as the other, but the compaction tendency becomes a necessity during industrial eras because of an inherently more explosive densification of human population. The second tendency is natural, because it corresponds to past nostalgias and also because our present cities are far from offering the natural environment which the human body and spirit demand. Actually, these two tendencies struggle against one another. In fact, the saturation (or compaction) tendency is winning out because of economic as well as all sorts of other reasons. I still agree with what I proposed in 1964. I'm persuaded that it's a solution, perhaps a temporary one, but one which is more interesting and less criminal than dispersion over the global surface. Such a great densification does not mean that I refuse man's solitude, his right to isolate himself as an individual in this enormous beehive which is today's city.

-Xenakis

Multitude, solitude: equal and interchangeable terms for the active and fertile poet. He who does not know how to populate his solitude, does not know either how to be alone in a busy crowd.

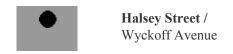
-Baudelaire

Whence emergence is for what respectively presences also an eluding into this (as into the Same), emerges accordingly the compelling need; there is namely what presences itself (from itself), the fit, and each is respected (acknowledged) by the other, (all of this) from overcoming the unfit according to the allotment of temporalizing time.

-Heidegger (Anaximander)

Gallery space is presented as the staging ground for a submission to the New York City Farm Tower architectural competition, the design outcome of which will be realized at the end of the 20th St. block which Bortolami gallery occupies, adjacent to the High Line.

I woke up at 3 pm. Texted Jonathan. Slept while I waited for his response, but even though I turned vibrate off, I couldnt hear the ping sound. Called him and explained to him what the Coffee Shop that I wanted to go to was. Got dressed. The street about me roared with a deafening sound.



Smoked a cigarette. Waited on the platform. Thought about this press release on the train. Got off at Third Avenue. Bought a coffee at the place behind Barney because they take credit cards. Waited for Jonathan inside. Checked my email and facebook as always. Compiled all my poems into a DRIVe folder. Saw some girl on the mezzazine.

Tense as in a delirium, I drank From her eyes, pale sky where tempests germinate,

The sweetness that enthralls and the pleasure that kills..a nice rounded brew implanted with all the epistemological trappings of highly reduced matter. It is an event of great power and beauty in its ferocity. A lightning flash... then night! Fleeting beauty By whose glance I was suddenly reborn, Will I see you no more before eternity?

Elsewhere, far, far from here! too late! *never* perhaps! For I know not where you fled, you know not where I go, O you whom I would have loved, O you who knew it!

She told me to turn down music. Farmers Manual is an electronic music and visual art group, founded in Vienna in the beginning of the 1990s. Probably walked by a lot of building facades in Manhattan, which is how I want to start describing perforated Ovens, still in their original cardboard packaging or surrounded by the material of former scaffolding, function as potential or ambiguous buildings. The form of the oven becomes a model for the construction of an NYC Farm Tower. The heating elements of the oven are activated by both their potential heat and by their burned imprint on impressionable materials throughout the gallery, as well as by their nearness to combustible planning materials. Carboys of beer in the process of fermentation mirror the living contents of the NYC Farm Tower, and aluminum sheeting, embedded with door handles, locks, screws, construction signs, and small canvas paintings of the growth on the High Line, is doubly present as sculpture and planned external structural material. It's not clear that the artists at the top of list are involved via a performative aspect. Radio allows potential irregular transmission from the collaborating artists of the title, who move in the vicinity of the gallery and the High Line to outline an extension of the show into the surrounding neighbourhood. Audio feedback (also known as acoustic feedback, simply as feedback, or the Larsen effect) is a special kind of positive feedbackwhich occurs when a sound loop exists between an audio input (for example, a microphone or quitar pickup) and an audio output (for example, a loudspeaker). The core members of the collective are Mathias Gmachl, Stefan Possert, Oswald Berthold, Gert Brantner, and Nik Gaffney. Part of the very lively Viennese electronic music scene of the 1990s, In this example, a signal received by the microphone is amplified and passed out of the loudspeaker. The sound from the loudspeaker can then be received by the microphone again, amplified further, and then passed out through the loudspeaker again. Farmers Manual were successfully crossing the boundaries between electronic music, live visuals, experimental graphics, and web design for Zeta Industries. I originated in 1954 a music constructed from the principle of indeterminism; two years later I named it 'Stochastic music.' The laws of the calculus of probabilities entered the composition through musical necessity... But other paths also led to the same stochastic cross-roads – first of all, natural events such as the collision of hail or rain with hard surfaces, or the song of cicadas in a summer field. These sonic events are made out of thousands of isolated sounds; this multitude of sounds, seen as a totality, is a new sonic event. This mass event is articulated and forms a plastic mold of time, which itself follows aleatory and stochastic laws, have you ever taken a galois theory course? do you know how abstract and nonuseful that shit is, pure math is beyond fucking google and money and shit, georg perelman turned down a million dollars for solving a hundred old problem, he's reclusive and lives with his mom, i just jacked off to lating porn, you can have a psycho reality that is pure, you can make a copy of a ball from the fucking decomposition of a ball and have two of the same shit, paradox. If one then wishes to form a large mass of point-notes, such as string pizzicati, one must know these mathematical laws, which in any case, are no more than a tight and concise expression of a chain of logical reasoning, we need actual physical descriptions of the works—not the theoretical for the the press release:Inductive reasoning based on materialism. The highline seen as a movement of consuming potentialities. Fluctuations in the neighborhoods material composition are structured around the flows that happen on this axis. Physical situations emerge based on dynamics of selection, mutation and inheritance. Fermentation is a life sustaining chemical transformation. The body is fermenting.

muscles are producing lactic acid, the neighborhood too.

#### So:

Stoves: still in in original cardboard packaging, the shape referencing buildings. the roofs or stovetops become the architectural models for urban farms. the electrical coils are metaphors for the sun: the heat that regenerates and encourages growth.



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Perforated aluminum wall works: like facades of buildings, embedded with door handles, locks, screws, construction signs, small canvas paintings of the agricultural found on the high line.



## **IDAHO POTATOES**

The burrs Schumacher is using on the aluminum facade self-replicate by attaching to animals in the forest, the contemporary nomadology.

Radio transmitter

until lightly caramelized erbs, beer and stock and simmer for 5 hours e bones out and lightly shred roasted root vegetables with th mashed potato and place intil golden brown

Really simple. This is just to get press people into the gallery—so intriguing but much more descriptive of the objects.

Automated farming processes still leave a small percentage of crops unharvested and those left behind are incomputable a problem

Of randomness for the gleanersEmma and I are coming in tomorrow morning at 9AM. Can we have a draft by then?

Thanks. to sort out

What you do is first you have to clean and sanitize all the equiptment. If you don't know the equipment you can buy a DIY beer kit online for over 100 dollars, the history of farming compressed into a simple DIY kit. After you sanitize, get 2.5 gallons of water in the brewpot (20qt preferably), thats about 40 cups. Let it boil, this may take hours. After that mix in the liquid and malt extract. Once that reaches a boil. You have to cool the wort! What I do is buy three bags of ice, and then let it reProduction of beer is collapsed into one stack space at the top a farm at the bottom a mouth. A reaction to localized intensities production is collapsed into the body that desires it fruits. ach about 60degree. While you wait fill the carboy with about 40 cups of water, you will need a funnel, and then pour the wort into the carboy. Now take a sample with the siphon, make sure it's sanitized into the hydrometer tube. Make sure the original gravity is correct, if it's not you can add more water. In chemistry class, I learned about balancing the equation, here alchohol is a byproduct of the equation. But also the equation of covering the fine-tuned aluminum with the rudimentary cardboard.

A cabinetmaker's apprentice, someone who is learning to build cabinets and the like, will serve as an example. His learning is not mere practice, to gain facility in the use of tools. Nor does he merely gather knowledge about the customary forms of the things he is to build. If he is to become a true cabinetmaker, he makes himself answer and respond above all to the different kinds of wood and to the shapes slumbering within wood—to wood as it enters into man's dwelling with all the hidden riches of its nature. In fact, this relatedness to wood is what maintains the whole

Throughout the history of technology and progress, outmoded forms of technology (agriculture) are outsourced to the serfs to create new modes of technology (bronze weaponry) and therefore more mobility for the highers to exhaust energy on new shit (FARM=UBER). The domesticity of the stove, like I wanna make mac and cheese one day as a performace at this Schumacher show, the Iowanfanboy69 of the homebrew contrasts with the ancient agrarian state,



The theologico-political narrative of farming links back to a deep symbology whether godly, Ceres, god of wheat, or base, Jack the Ripper, carrying the sickle.

Rational, Maxwell's demon, Bens last show, or expressive, Orpheus, Cocteau

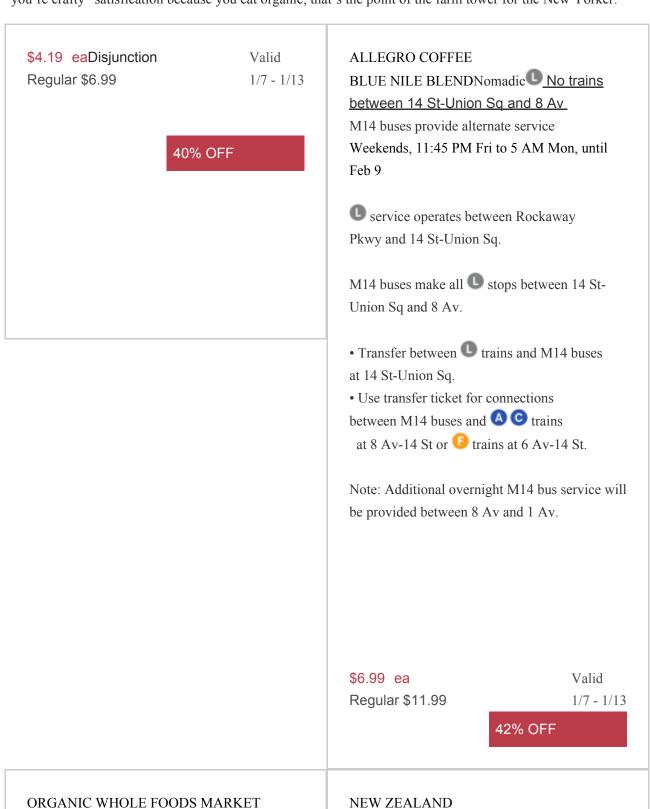
or even modern, if you think about the experiments in France, but was that a romanitisization. In other words these make you feel good things create a capitalist image of the ancient but only superficially,

craft. Without that relatedness, the craft will never be anything but empty busywork, any occupation with it will be determined exclusively by business concerns. Every handicraft, all human dealings are constantly in that danger. The writing of poetry is no more exempt from it than is thinking.

Did you know that the human body produces alcohol when it ferments or it could produce lactic acid when building muscle. The New Yorker goes to the gym everyday, you know.

whom in his cradle a fairy breathed a craving for disguises and masks, hatred of home, and a passion for traveling.

Aristotle talks about the body-politic. The farm: a search for talented produce heritage seeds sprouting regardless of constraining laws and order. Subjectivities growth through photosynthesis under the flash of the sun and willingness to broadcast the body and have the entrails used as good fertilizer. Everytime I cook I use too much olive oil and it splashes everywhere including the stove fan, which is the shape of the building for the farm tower. I could eat at Hannah Foods off the Jefferson L (for your purposes, Eataly in the Flatiron) and feel like a real artist, it gives me comfort, like some kind of "you're crafty" satisfication because you eat organic, that's the point of the farm tower for the New Yorker:



## BAKEHOUSEOperational boundaries FLAX QUINOA BREAD

I say only that instead of spreading out over a surface, which creates problems of contact for human activities, we must organize cities in a vertical manner. This is not at all a new idea, since it already existed on a smaller scale in the argument which started in the twenties, when there was a question of having to choose between "garden cities" (as they were then called) and "vertical cities." Le Corbusier was one of the defenders of these vertical cities.

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## YELLOW BARNTerritorial demarcation BIODYNAMIC PASTA SAUCES

these vertical cities then corresponded only to the pure and simple dwelling, and not to an entire city. They didn't encompass all of a city's activities whereas I think that we must extend this principle to all of a city's activities for technical reasons, for reasons linked to human relations, and also in order to explore in greater depth what is left for us on this earth, and finally because such a system would allow us to install cities in truly uninhabitable climates, either very hot or cold climates and in overpopulated or deserted areas. I believe I've answered your first question.

But
unless...
it's more
than that
because
Ben
doesn't
really
care
about the
ethics
behind
the

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ORGAAbutment NIC CALIFORNIA
RED, GREEN OR RAINBOW CHARD

ORPartial overlap GANIC LOCAL TUMERICALIVE ELIXIRS



image. Imagine, in addition, the reports of dozens of machine guns and the whistle of bullets adding their punctuations to this total disorder. The crowd is then rapdily dispersed, and after sonic and visual hell follows a detonating calm, full of despair, dust and death. The statistical laws of these events, separated from their political or moral context, are the same as those of the cicadas or the rain. New York City farm tower

The entire city because a farm a space for subjectivities to glean lifestyle and careerThey are the laws of the passage from complete order to total disorder in a continuous or explosive manner. They are stochastic laws. Here we touch on one of the great problems that have haunted human intelligence since antiquity: continuous or discontinuous transformationThe process is basically metabolizing malt creating alcohol through the chemical transformation that yeast yields. I told Ben he should leave one electic stove on at all times, some kind of like Sun in the gallery at all times. The spiral is an ancient symbol probably in Mesopotamis or Egypt or some shit for the Sun, producing a kind of monomania,

The poet enjoys the incomparable privilege of being able, at will, to be himself and an other. Like those wandering souls seeking a body, he enters, when he wants, into everyone's character. For him alone, everything is empty. And if certain places seem to exclude him, it is because he considers them not worth the bother of being visited.

blinding them in the desert like Oedipus for all the real die hards, (this shit is my shit, I'm gonna go make some shit), A talent farm. or even just as equally in a different form of obsession, like for the collectors all the money theyre gonna make when Schumacher doubles. Kunst = Kapital. WHO CAN APPLY

The summer analyst role is for candidates currently pursuing a college or university degree and is usually undertaken during the second or penultimate year of study. While your discipline or major are not important, we are looking for students with an outstanding record of academic achievement and an interest in the financial markets.or I'm going to hospital to visit my cancer mom and am praying she is going to make it another day.

Like Im starving and only have 10 dollars a day and have to find a bodega with a 5 dollar minimum today to get my sandwich. I have to find a computer but cooper and ams are closed and bobst doesn't swipe my card anymore. Barney building mezzanine password barney. Man walking on a tightrope...

Schumacher may burn bortolami down and I may go psycho and homeless if I don't take my meds. Alan turning killed himself by eating a poison apple.lol Birds fly into glass. Winona Ryder jumped in front of a bus in black swan. I hope he doesn't die of a drug overdose. I want her to email me but I fucked her over. Are my teeth gonna fall out because I don't brush my teeth. My apt is in a basement the ceiling goes up to my head my room is trashed, some girl called it suicide. Stars are born but stars explode.

Sent from my iPhone

The solitary and thoughtful stroller draws a unique intoxication from this universal communion. He who easily espouses crowds knows feverish delights, of which the selfish will be eternally deprived, locked up like a chest, and the lazy, confined like a mollusk. He adopts as his every profession, every joy and every misery circumstances place before him.

What people call love is awfully small, awfully restricted, and awfully weak, compared with that ineffable orgy, that holy prostitution of the soul which gives itself totally, poetry and charity, to the unexpected which appears, to the unknown which passes by.